

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE EXPERIENCES OF RUTH TAYLOR, GOVERNESS.

"Thou see'st my weakness, Lord,
My heart is known to thee;
Oh! lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

Let me in life and death
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with my latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care."

You remember dear Amy my introduction to the school in which I was first to essay my powers as a teacher. How pleased I was with everything around me! How full of affection for every person belonging to the place. The school-house was a fine old mansion, formerly the residence of a family of note. There were beautiful pleasure grounds around in which the children were at play when first I arrived. How I enjoyed the sight of their merry faces and gay forms, glancing here and there amid the noble trees on the lawn. I entered the school-room later in the day with mingled feelings of shyness and pleasure. So elated I felt at being able to assist my dear ones at home, and yet so painfully conscious of the responsibility I had incurred in undertaking such a situation when yet young myself. The Misses and the superintendents of the establishment were excellent women of the old school. They knew little themselves of learned lore, but they always engaged good teachers and masters for their pupils, and in this manner their school had flourished for years. Strict disciplinarians, but perfectly lady-like in manner and deportment, they were considered by all who were acquainted with them the best persons possible to "bring up children," as was the phrase in those days. And so I believe they were, as far as good

moral training went, but the higher feelings of the heart,—the development of the affections,—those sweet emotions of love towards God and man were totally uncared for. Nor were the intellectual powers called forth in any other way than by a dull routine of lessons and exercises. Clever girls their pupils became, according to the usual acceptance of the term;—full of book learning (of the use of which they were little conscious), skilled in outward accomplishments, by which they might shine in society, but having few feelings in common with their fellow-creatures, and selfish to a sad degree. I had come from the bosom of a well-conducted, loving home, where the highest sympathies had been awakened from our earliest infancy. We were taught by precept and example to love one another in deed and in truth. So our souls were knit together, and we had but one aim, which was, to please each other for our good, at the sacrifice of every wish and indulgence which would benefit ourselves alone. The Christian code formed the basis of our family government, and all difficulties in action or conduct were referred to this. "Try it by that rule of life, and you cannot err," would my dear father say; and in this manner we were led to regard the authority of the Scriptures as supreme. Living in the country, and comparatively apart from the world, any difficulties of doctrine had never occurred to me. My father was a clergyman of the Established Church, and with child-like faith I believed all he preached to be right. And so in truth it was, because he never touched on points of doctrine,—yet later in life I remembered to have often seen him perplexed and troubled in preparing his sermons, when I as a little child sat beside him. Then I would lay down the doll I was dressing,

or the Latin lesson I was studying, and throw my arms around his neck to soothe his care, inquiring anxiously why he was sad. "Perhaps you will know in time, my love," was the usual answer; or he would embrace me, silently, and retire again to his studies. This one cause of sorrow had often been my subject of wonderment.

It was no trouble to me to go out in the world as a governess. My father was only a curate, and his income was very small, so I rejoiced sincerely in the prospect of assisting him by my labours, and anticipated with no little degree of satisfaction the time of my commencing my duties at Woodlands. My parents entered into all my little plans for the advancement of my pupils, and encouraged me by every means in their power to prepare myself thoroughly for the task. "It is no mean employment," would my dear mother say, "but the highest that can fall to the lot of any, to train an infant soul to the use of its divine powers, to watch the development of each faculty, and to cause each talent to expand to its full growth: you must never consider yourself sufficiently educated for the various labours you have to perform. But your own study must proceed with that of the children. Promise me, Ruth, that you will not neglect your own improvement, while you are considering how you can best promote that of others." This made me very serious, and I began again to form rules for my own conduct, and to devise plans for continuing my studies when far removed from those dear ones, who had so carefully taught me the knowledge they had by close assiduity acquired for themselves. So with many prayers and blessings, I entered on my duties. From this time I laboured from morning till night; my whole heart was in the work; teaching was a real pleasure to me then, and I thought not of relaxation. The love of my pupils so thoroughly satisfied me that I cared little for the forced civilities of the Misses, and who were somewhat jealous of my growing influence in their school. At length the vacation came. With what joy did I repair to my dear home! How delighted were the darling inmates to welcome me again! Then with what pride I laid before my parents

my first small earnings. The holidays passed away too quickly; the time seemed literally to fly, yet during that short space of leisure I did not forget my school duties. Plans for the improvement of my pupils continually suggested themselves, and as speedily were brought into some tangible form. Especially was I desirous to awaken more spiritual life in the dear little ones confided to my care. For this purpose I proposed a daily reading of the Scriptures in the early mornings to such of the pupils as were inclined to join. I found all most willing to comply with my wishes, and a sweet season of worship was thus secured, which endeared us to each other with ten-fold affection. We were thus prepared for the most arduous duties which could be allotted us by the superintendents of the school, and a softened and more Christian spirit gradually developed itself as the spiritual life began to expand. The value of self-sacrifice for the good of others began to be felt, and in various instances I experienced the unspeakable joy of beholding high Christian principle conquer wrong feeling and various temptations. Of course all had their peculiar dispositions and faults which time and constant watchfulness, with earnest prayer, would alone conquer.

Young as I was, I felt rather as a learner than a teacher in this little band of young Christians. It was a wonder to myself how much I learnt of real religion from these early readings of the Scriptures with little inquiring minds. Every day some new truth developed itself; but more than all, I was struck with the spiritual nature of our Saviour's religion. All ceremonial appeared to fall before his sublime simplicity of thought and action. It seemed to me that one grand object of our Lord's divine mission, was to free the Jewish mind, and through it the mind of all men, from a superstitious devotion to mere external religion. "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in *spirit* and in *truth*, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." "Except a man be born of water (i.e. the water of life) and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the

kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." "I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna (food for the body) in the wilderness *and are dead*. This is the bread (the spiritual food) which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, *and not die*," (i.e. he shall live for ever.) "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is truly applicable in illustrating our Saviour's teachings with regard to spiritual religion. No one could be more favoured in worldly riches than the Pharisee, or more strict with regard to external observances. "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." The Publican, degraded in station, and in public regard,—*"standing afar off, and not daring to lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven,"* yet uttering his simple ejaculation, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner," proceeding as it did directly from the heart, was a hundredfold more precious in the sight of God. "This man went down to his house, justified rather than the other." His religion was of the heart, not of the lips, and the fruit of the spirit was exhibited in his meekness and humility.

Truly did I rejoice in being the humble instrument of promoting the spirit of Christ among my young fellow-worshippers.—But too suddenly was I withdrawn from the scene of my happy labours.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT WEDDINGS.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER, OF CHICAGO.

LAST week a young man and woman came to our house, and said, rather timidly, "We have come to be married." They were entire strangers. I had never seen their faces until then. I only knew their names as they were written on the license. They came to me as if they had come out of another life. They had both pleasant faces—clear honest eyes. Their hands trembled as they clasped each the other's, just as I love to see the hands of youth and maiden tremble at that time

—evidence that the deepest chords of the heart are touched, and this is the vibration. Their voices sounded very real when I said "Wilt thou have this woman? this man?" and they answered, "I will." Finally, when I had said the prayer of consecration over the solemn thing they had just done, and looked up into their faces, I saw that their eyes were full of happy tears. So they went out,

"To make a brave new world, wherein should
grow

The fairest flowers of faith and hope and love."

I never "make a few remarks" at a wedding—never. I feel that if ever such a thing can be most painfully impertinent and out of place, it is then. No words that I can say to a good man and woman can be more than a poor shadow of the words that have been said before they come to me. So I made no remarks to these good strangers; and yet I thought a good deal—touched, I suppose, by their singular, frank ways—about what could be said, not only then, but before and after, about this thing that alters the vocabulary of the world for us in a single minute, and instead of "this man," and "this woman," sets all tongues a saying, "thy wife," "thy husband."

And, beginning with the most material things first, I would say, Do you know if this is a true wedding, that it touches certain great laws of the world and of life, as the rainbow touches the principles of light, or a crocus verifies for a child the advent of spring? When God revealed to you this mystery of love that I hear pulsing through your voices as you answer me, you said at such a time, "We shall be man and wife." You could have come to me on the next day, but you didn't. You saw the right time in the distance, and waited. What made that right time? The man will say, When I had succeeded in life up to such a point. The woman will say, When I was ready; which may mean a thousand things that even a minister cannot explain. This was all true; but it was only locally true. The reason why the snow-drop comes out in the spring, is because the sunbeams are resting in that corner with a more lingering, kindly touch, and are awakening in the hidden root the mystery of life that is folded in it, and in the cubic foot of earth that makes its

uttermost, boundless world. But beyond that is the slope of the earth to the sun; and beyond that the great balancings of heaven; and beyond that the touch of God, without which were no equinox, no fresh sunshine, and no snowdrop. So if this is a true wedding, and no headlong tramp of a blind passion, these local causes that have set your wedding-day at this more distant time, touch some vast principles that are continually rising into a clearer light through faith in the statistician. In that light, your true wedding day depended upon the breadth of land we are cultivating in the North-west; on the average crop; on the averages of birth, death, and emigration. When the crop is abundant, and the channel open between the cotton-fields of the South and the cotton-mills of Lancashire, or between the great wool-fields of Australia and the woollen-mills of West Yorkshire, the curates in the great parishes of Leeds and Manchester are distracted at the holidays by the rush of weddings. I have seen I suppose forty couples wedded by a sort of wholesale process, in the parish church in Leeds, and it was a very curious and pleasant sight to see. And there is a legend of a clergyman in what is now the cathedral church of Manchester, who had so many weddings one Easter Sunday—was, in fact, so hurried and badgered by weddings—that when he had married one great company in exceeding haste, after a little while a number came filing back, with very blank faces, and said, "Please, sir, wee'm gotten't wrong lasses. We were wed stannin all about;" to which the old gentleman replied, with great asperity, "I cannot help that. You should have sorted yourselves before you came; now you must sort yourselves as you go home." If the curates in Manchester had to depend on weddings this year, they must starve.

There is a vital relation between Louisiana and Lancashire, that fixes the wedding-day, and, alas! unfixes it again for the slave. So the great laws of life, far beyond our sight, touch us all. The reason why you waited for this day touches all reason and all life and all truth. The Irishman borrows half-a-crown, and trots away barefooted with Bridget to the priest. The Scotchman

has half-a-crown left when he has paid the minister and furnished the cottage. The Irishman cries out for the oppression of the Saxon. I will not try to defend the Saxon; there is no defence. I can only say that the Saxon tried the same thing in Scotland, with no sort of success; and I believe the reason lies somewhere back of those two half-crowns. The one man regarded the whispers of this universe as they were heard in his most local life. The other regarded only the impulsive affection of the moment. The consequence was, that his misery bred in and in; the great wheels of poverty ground him down into the dust more heavily in every generation, until at the last the Infinite mercy blocked them by the potato rot, and started him anew. The Divine, Intelligent Will, in some way has set the day for you, if this is a true wedding. For this human will, as all reverent religions teach us, is only and for ever sure, as it reaches into the Divine Will.

"There are two kinds of strength—

One the strength of the river,

The other the strength of the sea.

They differ in this:

The river is lost if the ocean it miss;

If the sea miss the river, what matter? the sea
Is the sea still for ever.

Its deep heart will be self-sufficing;

Unconscious of loss, less or more,

Its sources are infinite, brim-full to the shore."

Then, if this is a true wedding, it touches other beautiful and far-reaching principles. It is not only true that the man and woman are made in some sacred way one, but in the truest weddings they are most perfectly one by very contrast. As the day and night make the day, and the summer and winter the year, so in the truest wedded life will the man and woman often differ; and I stand in the presence of most holy mysteries of order, as I look up from my prayer and see that those happy eyes are in the woman a clear, lustrous brown, and in the man light up a pleasant gray. The sun-fire and rain water nurture the plant, and both come down from above. I would decide the question of race on the inductive principle, and say, Certainly we do not all spring from one primitive pair; else were the ducts and channels of life corrupted at the very fountain, and the result at the first remove, not only a

hideous social sin, at the sight of which we ought to blush and hide our faces for shame, but a result entailing misery and ruin to the race, in the same way, only so much worse, that we observe in the children where the streams of life, however sweet when they came from the common fountain two or three generations ago, are united again, and too soon, before the Divine power had time to set the fine edge of a perfect contrast in the most secret and sacred recesses of the life. This is the second secret of this true wedding, then—the reason for those eyes of brown and gray, or that while the husband is a line below the full stature of a man, the wife is a line above the fair stature of a woman. The old Black Douglas, Douglas the Hard, Douglas the Grim, Douglas Bell-the-Cat, were all of the line that produced the “Douglas, Douglas, tender and true,” of the ballad. The great English houses that reach back furthest, are those to the utter woe and shame of aunts and heralds, have now and again heard the whisper in their nature that bid the eldest born come down out of his castle, and wed some sweet, fair Griselda of the cottage. That great line of David, out of which, in due time, Christ came, sprang equally from Boaz and from Moabitish Ruth. Now I do not know how you came by this revelation of your love. Locally, it may have been entirely plain, clear and commonplace, but that local reason touches some vaster reason. All good mothers are great match-makers—the good mother Nature greatest of all. Far beyond all that we see, are those great balancings of life that for unnumbered centuries have kept the dwarf and giant at the premium of the raree show, and made fair, average, moderately handsome men and women the nursing fathers and mothers of the world.

And then, these hints of stature and colour—the visible contrasts of the outer wedded life, are but shadows again of the inner contrasts that make true harmony for the soul. If this be a true wedding, it is probable that it is a wedding of a restless vivacity with a true serenity; of a soul that reaches easily into the future, with a soul that holds hard to the present; of a generous giver with an undoubted saver; of a poetic

soul, and a soul mostly prose; of Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, Burns and Bonnie Jean, Mary the Madonna, and Joseph the Carpenter, John Peerybingle and Little Dot. God has two purposes in this—first to blend these two natures so that they make one large life; second, that a new world may be created in their children. The mould in which the soul of the child is cast is the blended soul of the woman and the man. Just as nature cares for the average in the form, God seems to care for the average in the spirit. He will not have your children all earthy or all heavenly; the nerve quiver at the slightest touch, or be impassive to the keenest stab. To look at a dollar as if it were a penny, or as if it were a pound; to be all poetry, or all prose, is not the Divine intention. Oh! how many lives have been embittered, or utterly ruined, for want of faith in this great purpose of God! They shall look on the world, and see divinest purposes wrought out by diversity. They shall look on the outer form of their own life, and still see the mystic “like in difference.” Then they shall come to this highest of all things—the mutual human soul—and chafe and wonder at the divine diversity there. The man shall dislike the spiritualism of the woman, and the woman deplore the reasoning tendencies of the man; the one fret over this impulsive vivacity, the other over that impassive serenity; fall out because the one is nomadic, and the other domestic; grow sharp because one does not know the intimate worth of a dollar, and because the other knows it too well; wonder why respectively they can be Liberal and Orthodox. Will they not see that there is a vastly deeper purpose in this than their mutual waveless felicity?

That as by earth and sea, and day and night, and all balancing of antagonism, God works out the blessing, and is most blessed of all in this, so not because you love each other, shall you what you call bear this difference in your blended life; but because this may be the most sacred of all amalgams, the perfect success of the divine Chemist, the very elixir of life to you and to your children; you shall live in perfect accord, “self-reverent and reverencing each other.”

Now let me give you a hint, and then

I will let you go. There is a story, among the records of the common life in England, of a miner who went down into the coal-pit one morning, failed to come up in the evening, nor could a trace of him be found; he had died in some remote corner of the damp, and was lost. Forty years after, some miners, working the pit, found a human body and brought it to the surface. But no one knew him; the very memory of the fatal morning forty years ago had utterly faded away. Before he began to fall back to the dust that had waited so long, an old and feeble woman came to the pit mouth, attracted by the crowd. She instantly knelt down beside the poor shadow, and lifted up her voice and wept. She knew the face. It was fresher to her than the face she had seen yesterday. This dead man was the lover of her lost youth. On the next day they were to be wedded. That next day never came. All the world had forgotten it save this one woman. Her life passed away; death drew near; but when the time drew near that she must die, for one hour the face she had loved to look upon came back again, and she found the wedded one of forty years. My friends, the world is full of such weddings, that wait until the mortal shall be lost in the immortal life, and the men and women of earth shall be as the angels of God. Danté and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, and a million more are wedded in this celestial union of the soul. Do not smile at that old man for nursing his cold, or at that ancient maiden for nursing her cat; do not pelt them with sharp-pricking jokes, and proverbs about their solitary single life. If we did but see as they see, perhaps we should be silent and reverent. For we should be aware how a sweet, holy presence had dwelt with them, lo! these forty years, wedded as truly as you are wedded to-day, but waiting patiently for the blessed consummation, and repeating ever: "Of all that my Father has given me I have lost nothing, but he will raise it up at the last day."

"For God above

Is great to grant as mighty to make;

He creates the love to reward the love,
And the loving soul he cannot forsake."

BLOOD RELATIONS.

THE dangers of consanguineous marriages, and their influence in multiplying deaf and dumb cases among children, is the subject of a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris by Mr. Boudin. It supplies matter for grave consideration. Taking the whole number of marriages in France, the consanguineous represent 2 per cent, while the proportion of deaf and dumb births at Lyons, is at least 25 per cent; at Paris, 28 per cent; at Bordeaux, 30 per cent. The nearer the consanguinity of parents, the more does this proportion increase; and if we represent by 1 the danger of begetting a deaf and dumb child from an ordinary marriage, it would have to be represented by 18 in marriages between cousins-german; by 37 in marriages between uncles and nieces; and by 70 in marriages between nephews and aunts. It will surprise some readers to hear the subject is one in which the religious element is involved: Protestantism is more favorable to consanguineous marriages than Roman Catholicism is; and it appears by a return from Berlin, that the proportion of deaf and dumb children in 10,000 Catholics in that city was 3.1; in 10,000 other Christian sects, mostly Protestant, it was six; and among Jews, 27 in 10,000. A similar result comes out in other circumstances. By a census taken in the territory of Iowa in 1840, there were found 23 deaf and dumb in 10,000 whites; 212 deaf and dumb in 10,000 blacks (slaves), or 91 times more than among the whites. It is found that where intermarriage is in some sort a necessity, from geographical position, there is an immense increase in the proportion of deaf and dumb births. For the whole of France the proportion is 6 in 10,000; in Corsica, it rises to 14 in 10,000; in the High Alps, to 23; in the Canton of Berne, to 28. In Iceland, it is 11. The whole number of the deaf and dumb in Europe is estimated at 250,000; and when we consider that other infirmities of a very serious character, including idiocy are distinctly traceable to consanguineous marriages, we are led to inquire, what are the means by which relatives may be persuaded not to marry one another?

THE BELOVED WIFE.

"Husbands love your wives."—PAUL.

ONLY let a woman be sure that she is precious to a husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honoured and cherished in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her as a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; the one life, the other mechanism.

The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling higher, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

SOME time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well-known grumbler, named Sandy Black, whose often recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all, except the brute's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; and breakfast passed without the looked for cause of complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roast or boiled?" asked the wife.

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you'd have known before this what I liked," Sandy growled out, and slamming the door behind him, left the house. It was in spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say:

"Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please him, do what I can."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner; the fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out:

"Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised for another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked."

At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, my dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in that way?"

"They were a present," said the wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fist, and shouted:

"How dare you receive a present without my leave."

THE OLD HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

It is a strange and mysterious house just over the way—untenanted, grim, silent, and dilapidated, bearing the marks of ruthless treatment, shattered windows and broken facing, and it is always before us, over the way. In the parish it is the mystery of mysteries, so what must it be to a stranger. Every one asks something about it, but no explanation can be given; no one can give the particulars of its curious history. All kinds of conclusions are jumped to, for people will give reasons, even where none are to be found. All kinds of strange tales are told about it, and Dickens will make it the foundation of a romance some of those days, and then it will speak a strange story. Little folk going past can sometimes muster courage in the day-time to peep in at the key-hole. We wonder what they see, for they shout and run away as if some sprite were at their heels. The oldest neighbour looks at it once more in passing, for it is one of a family in the street, and wonders again that there is no sign of change; and every stranger in passing takes a look, asks if that is the famous old house; "Yes, that is the house," the policeman says, "that nobody can tell anything about," and he moves on, feeling as he goes "very strange indeed." Believers in ghosts feel they have some foundation for their faith in that old house. It is haunted, they say, for only a haunted house could stand so long unoccupied in such a busy thoroughfare. After all it is not exactly the place for a ghost story, it needs water, trees, and a few crows. No, my ghostly friend, there is no ghost there. Then it must be in chancery, says another, for "I knew a house like that in chancery twenty years." Ah, no, not there, not there. It is really a mysterious old house—not haunted—not in chancery. It is the very sphinx of our street, the puzzle of the whole parish, and the wonder of everybody, that old house over the way. There it stands, and they who know all our local affairs, know little about that house. The law protects it; but we wish a band of those ancient fairies, who used to do such wondrous things, would come some night and steal it all

away. To whom does it belong? It is difficult to say. It is all difficulty, mystery, and wonderment. We can tell nothing. We can shed no ray of light upon it. There it has stood for years, and may stand for years so come; you shall see the wonderful, mysterious house when you come this way.

For the present we pass on, using it as it stands before us, as a matter of fact illustration of the unfathomable nature of some things, and the curious make-up of society, and a picture of other perplexing and mysterious establishments not far away.

In the first place there is the old State Church establishment, as curious as the old house over the way. Its very best friends and proprietors tell us, in open parliament, it is becoming untenanted because of the need of a little repair. They say it is much weather-worn by the march of civilization and the triumphs of science, which it has aided not a little, and would now stand in their way. This cannot be endured, so there is a slate knocked off here and there; there are panes broken, and parts of the walls are giving way. Some people will have it that the foundations of the old house are yielding. That the concrete was too much mixed with soft, earthy matter, perishable material which has given way. We do not think the foundation of the Church is failing it. It is the upper work, overlying the spiritual gold and silver, and precious stone found in every Christian Church—yes, it is the dross and stubble that are giving way. The rain is beating in at one place, and the wind at another. The foundation is right enough, but the work built thereon with human hands is yielding to the pressure of time and age. It is well known that the young men who are trained to be her watchmen are refusing to mount her watch-towers. In her present condition she is said to be incapable of defence. Then the old house should be repaired and made tenantable, and the breaches of time should be repaired. Woe to the unlucky wight who volunteers on such a service. He will be roughly handled. He will be told he is pulling the old Church down, and might easily find something better to do.

Several improvements have been sug-

gested of late, but it is said to be a dangerous thing to touch the old building; it may all come down, and nothing be left but the foundation. So there the establishment stands, getting worse and worse, till the very worst that is feared will be accomplished by time.

One party of Restorers has suggested that the "baptismal part" of her service should be purged from false promises. That godfathers and godmothers feel their assurances at so sacred a time are false, and it is a poor way of beginning to train a newly-baptised Christian, by uttering at the ceremony what is never intended to be done. That fathers and mothers are the best godfathers and godmothers, and are willing to take upon them the charge for life what others kindly volunteer in words, never intending to put them into deeds. The priest feels, the clerk feels, and the people feel there should be less profession and more sincerity in all our services, and this needs a change. The strong man of the law says we must make no alteration; and sensitive and conscientious minds are shocked at the way their honest scruples are dealt with by the State.

Another party has bestirred itself of late to amend the "burial service." A very bold effort has been made, and two or three bishops joined the party, to make some little alteration here. That if the people were required to give a false promise at the beginning of a child's life, the priest has felt it a serious thing to give a false hope at the end—"a sure and certain hope of heaven," when he was believing no such thing. There can be no relief we are told. It is a dangerous thing to commence alterations. The strong man of the law insists the words must be said, whatever the priest may think to the contrary. We cannot have the old house touched in that particular part; no one can tell the reason why. It is possible that those words foreshadow a fact in the remote history of every one of us, of glory and happiness, and that the Church may believe this some day. It is too bad to make ministers say, just now, what they do not believe.

A loud murmur from four thousand of her ministers has been uttered against subscribing all the creeds, articles, and parts of the book of common prayer

with their "full assent and consent." They perceive that many of the things subscribed to, are antagonistic to each other. That truth and falsehood do battle with each other, so they think, in those very articles: yet they must open their mouths, and close their eyes, and swallow them all. The voice of the law has spoken and said, "yes, yes, you have to say what is down before you, for that you are paid." There is no redress for priest or people. If you do not like the old establishment you can go elsewhere; but we will make you pay rent whether you inhabit it or not. How the thing will end we cannot tell.

We thought the old house over the way a very mysterious old place. There are many things very inexplicable, but the present condition of our State Church, to a reflecting mind, is the greatest puzzle we can possibly contemplate. Sidney Smith, one of her clergymen, said, "that State Churches die of pride; they won't have it they are sick, and therefore don't take a little physic." This is not an improbable end of the English Church.

— JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

THIS excellent and very extraordinary person, who, to great genius and extensive acquirements, united the utmost simplicity of character as well as purity of mind, suffered, notwithstanding, more, perhaps, than any man of his time from intolerance and prejudice; and, though one of England's worthiest sons, was maligned, and hunted and persecuted worse even than a common felon. A gifted contemporary, in his own better days, spoke of him as "patriot, saint, and sage," and never was eulogy more just as well as discriminating. He had a single aim, to do what was right; he carried out in all his intercourse with the world, the apostolic maxim, "No man liveth to himself." He served his generation faithfully, whilst all was done in a spirit of the most sincere piety, living and acting ever as under the great Taskmaster's eye.

Joseph Priestley was the oldest of six children by his father's first marriage.

His parents were in humble circumstances, but every way respectable, both in position and character. His mother was a pious woman, and to her religious instructions the children owed much. She died when Joseph was between six and seven years old, and his aunt, who was married, but had no family, took him to her house, treated him in all respects as her own child, and for more than twenty years, till her death, acted towards him in the kindest manner. She had some property, and this enabled her to give her gratefully attached nephew the advantages of a liberal education. He profited greatly by her kindness, being sent from one good school to another till he was old enough for the academy at Daventry. Here, under the able tuition of Dr. Ashworth, a man of great learning and goodness, Priestley remained till qualified for entering on the Christian ministry, an office he preferred to all others, rightly judging it to be the most truly honorable of all professions. His father had re-married, and had a second family. He had, Joseph informs us, a strong sense of religion, praying with his family every morning and evening, and instructing them in the Assembly's Catechism. In his after-life he was much attached to Whitfield's doctrines, but he never appears to have imbibed that fervent but narrow-minded man's bigotry. Joseph's aunt seems to have been not less strict in her practice. He says that "the Lord's-day was kept with peculiar strictness—no victuals were dressed on that day in our family. No member of it was permitted to walk out for recreation, but the whole of the day was spent at the public meeting, or at home, in reading, meditation, and prayer in the family or in the closet." This discipline was severe—many a tender spirit has sunk under it and the gloomy tenets of Calvinism with which it was associated—but that which drove poor Cowper to despair and attempted suicide, had no lasting unfavorable effect on the more buoyant mind of Priestley, though for a season he was fearfully depressed, and doubted of obtaining salvation. He read, he says, the account of the man in the iron cage in the Pilgrim's Progress with the greatest perturbation. We cannot, however, avoid remarking that

however this popular allegory may be praised for invention, its theology is of the crudest kind—unamiable as well as unscripural to the last degree.

Priestley's first ministerial settlement was at Needham, in Suffolk, with a small congregation, and where he was expected to consider himself as passing rich, not with forty, but thirty pounds a year. From this obscure place he removed to Nantwich, in Cheshire, where he kept school as well as preached for three years. His meeting house, though much altered in the interior, still stands, and is used by a small but respectable congregation, whilst "Dr. Priestley's pulpit" is shewn to strangers with honest and affectionate pride. Throughout his life, Priestley was afflicted with a painful hesitation in his speech, and this contributed greatly to mar his popularity as a preacher. His aunt had paid a considerable sum to a person supposed skilful in such cases to effect a cure, with no successful result. This man exacted an oath from his patients not to reveal his method, a proceeding savouring of empiricism amounting almost to the gaining of money under false pretences.

We must pass over Priestley's subsequent settlements at Warrington, Leeds, and Bowood, to dwell a little on his residence at Birmingham, which involved the most important transactions of his life. His mind had, during the period from his leaving college till now, undergone a great change, and he had long been a decided Unitarian. He had embraced the simple humanitarian scheme which he ever afterwards zealously defended, and thus exposed himself to unmerited obloquy. For he had the profoundest conviction of the divinity of our Lord's mission, and that the Gospel was the grace of God revealed to a perishing world. It was at Birmingham, in the midst of his labours, and whilst it might have been imagined that his exemplary life would have earned him the respectful esteem of all classes of his fellow-townsmen, that a ferocious mob, encouraged if not led on by persons in the higher ranks, burned his meeting and dwelling-houses, destroyed his furniture and library, and costly philosophical apparatus, and ruthlessly sought his life. Through the care of attached friends, he

was enabled to escape to London, where, for the time, he was safe from mob violence, whilst with the courage of conscious rectitude, he at once notified to the Government his presence in the metropolis, and his readiness to meet any charge that might be preferred against him. He knew that he was an object of suspicion and dislike to the King and his ministers, but he was coldly assured they had nothing to allege to his disadvantage. In and near London Priestley lived for three or four years after the lamentable occurrences at Birmingham, to which place he never returned. There can be no reasonable doubt now, that he might have ended his days peaceably in England; but he saw—or rather fancied he saw—a desire on the part of the ruling powers that he should transport himself to another country, and he chose to go into exile. The United States, then considered the land of entire freedom, was selected by him as the place of his future abode; and there he ended his days, after ten years' residence, in the seventy-first year of his age. His occupations in America were very similar to those he engaged in, in this country—Scriptural and Theological investigations, with experimental philosophy.

The narrative of the good doctor's last illness is deeply interesting; no better Unitarian tract could be published. The Unitarian Christian *can* die in peace; for he that doeth righteousness is righteous. As long as the Sermon on the Mount endures, so long will the religion which ensures a holy life produce acceptance with God. Priestley died in peace. He was far away from his native England, and no doubt the memory of former happy days and of friends in the old country dear as his own soul, would frequently steal over his mind with a not unpleasing melancholy; but he was not the man to repine at any of God's dealings towards him, and he died in the midst of his affectionate family, recommending to them the daily perusal of the Scriptures, and speaking with humble gratitude of the Divine goodness to him all his life long—he died in the fullest assurance of a glorious resurrection through the Lord Jesus, of the final restoration of all men likewise to eternal purity and happiness. If Priestley's

were not a saving faith, then the pillared firmament is rottenness—then are our hopes delusions—our own faith is vain—we are yet in our sins.

And Unitarians may feel an honest pride in the growing reputation of Priestley. Some who had been active in denunciation of him in their younger days, lived to unsay many of their hard words, and to make honorable retraction of what had been too hastily advanced against him, whilst not long since a statue was erected to his memory in the University of Oxford, as one of the greatest philosophers of the last century. But our concern with him is principally as a theologian and an expounder of Unitarian Christianity. We espouse no doctrine simply because Priestley defended it, yet we must be deeply sensible of our many obligations to him for his fearless yet cautious mode of investigation, for his sincerity and candour and the light he has thrown on Scripture. "He had," remarks an American writer, "learning sufficient for half-a-dozen respectable men," whilst that learning was ever devoted to the noblest purposes,—the promotion of piety, virtue, and sound knowledge. The bare catalogue of his writings would fill many such pages as these, and no one of them is on a frivolous subject. Priestley's character was in the highest degree amiable as well as exemplary; every person who well knew him, entirely loved him. A monument to his memory was erected in the new Meeting House, Birmingham, built on the site of that destroyed by the mob in 1791. The inscription was from the pen of Dr. Parr, a liberal English clergyman, and is justly eulogistic. We find from it that Priestley was born near Leeds, March 13, 1733, went to America, 1794, and died in Pennsylvania, there, Feb. 6, 1804. The same nervous writer has beautifully characterized him as possessing attainments numerous almost without a parallel, talents superlatively great, morals correct without austerity, exemplary without ostentation, presenting even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit, and the simplicity of a patriarch, in which a philosophic eye would at once discover the deep fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.

BISHOP COLENSO ON ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

SOME years ago, in the year 1853, I published a small volume of "Village Sermons," which I dedicated to a dear and honoured friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and which was violently attacked, in consequence of this dedication, by those who had previously assailed Mr. Maurice's teaching, as containing what seemed to them erroneous statements of doctrine, and, particularly, as expressing agreement with Mr. Maurice's views on the subject of "Eternal Punishment." I was able to show by quotations from my little book itself, that these charges were untrue, and that I had given offence, partly by stating larger views of the redeeming Love of God in Christ Jesus than the reviewer of my sermons himself thought it right to hold (though views held by such men as Barrow and Macknight), but chiefly by expressing my cordial sympathy with Mr. Maurice, in his noble and blessed labours. In particular, I was able then to show that, in several places in those very sermons, I had distinctly spoken of Eternal Punishment in terms directly at variance with those which my friend would have used, and in exact conformity with my Reviewer. Accordingly, in the preface to the second edition of his "Theological Essays," Mr. Maurice spoke of me as "having proved by my sermons that I believed in the endlessness of future punishment." I did believe in that dogma at the time I wrote and printed those sermons, so far as that can be called belief, which, in fact, was no more than acquiescence, in common, I imagine, with very many of my brother clergy, in the ordinary statements on the subject, without having ever deeply studied the question, probably with a shrinking dread of examining it, and without having ever ventured formally to write or preach a sermon upon the subject, and pursue it, in thought and word, to all its consequences. There are many, who, as I did myself in those days, would assert the dogma as a part of their "Creed," and now and then, in a single sentence of a sermon, utter a few words in accordance with it, but who have never set themselves down to face the question, and deliver their own souls upon it to their flocks, fully and unreservedly. For my own part, I admit, I acquiesced in it, seeing some reasons for assuming it to be true, knowing that the mass of my clerical brethren assented to it with myself, and contented myself with making some reference to it, now and then, in my ministrations, without caring to dwell deliberately upon it, and considering what might be urged against it.

The controversy which arose about Mr. Maurice's Essays, and my own little volume of sermons, brought the whole subject closely before me. And for the last seven years I have carefully studied it, with an earnest desire to know the truth of God upon the matter, and with an humble prayer for the guidance and teaching of His Holy Spirit in the search for it. *I now declare that I can no longer maintain, or give utterance to, the doctrine of the endlessness of "future punishments,"* that I dare not dogmatize at all on the matter, that I can only lay my hand

upon my mouth, and leave it in the hands of the righteous and merciful Judge. But I see that the word "eternal" does not mean "endless." And, for such reasons as the following, I entertain the "hidden hope" that there are remedial processes, when this life is ended, of which at present we know nothing, but which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will administer, as he in his wisdom shall see to be good.

1.—There is, in the secret heart of Christians generally, a common feeling that such is the case. At this moment, the great mass of Christendom believes in some remedial process after death. A small section only of the Church Universal, a portion only of the Protestant body, and by no means the whole of it, contends that the hour of dissolution from the mortal body fixes the condition of the soul for ever and ever, in endless, unutterable joy, or in endless, unutterable woe. A very intelligent priest of the Abyssinian Church, speaking on this subject to Dr. Krapf, illustrated his views, and it is presumed those of the most thoughtful of his Church, as follows: "It is true that those who die in sin, have nothing but darkness before them. But, *from behind this world*, there fall some few rays of light in their path, which tend to lighten their dark night a little. And if they make a proper use of those rays they will increase, and by degrees lead them to a full light." The Church of Rome distinctly asserts an intermediate state of remedial processes as a part of its creed; but it then proceeds to lay down the laws of it, which are not revealed to us, and to exercise the powers of it, which are not committed unto man. Those Protestants, then, who cling to this dogma, are at all events peculiar in their views, and are in a small minority compared with the mass of Christendom. The great majority of Christians, pious Romanists, such as Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal, have read the Scriptures, and read them still, without drawing such conclusions as those expressed in this dogma from the passages which are usually relied upon for its support, and which we must suppose them to have read and well considered.

2.—In fact, whatever explanation may be given of those passages, we find in Holy Scripture such words as these: "That servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."—Luke xii. 47, 48. Now, whatever those other passages may seem at first sight to say, they must not have a meaning assigned to them which shall contradict this. And what does this plainly tell us? Surely, that there will be gradations of punishment, as we generally suppose there will be of bliss. But can there be any possible gradations of *endless, infinite, irremediable* woe? Can the punishment in any sense be spoken of as one of few stripes, where the unutterably dreadful doom is still assigned of endless banishment from the presence of God, and all beautiful and blessed things, into the outer darkness, among all accursed things, where not one single ray of Divine mercy can ever enter? It seems impossible. The very essence of such perdition is utterly, and for ever

and ever, to lose sight of the blessed face of God. If it be certain that never, never, in the infinite, endless ages to come, shall one ray of Divine light shine upon the gloom in which the condemned soul is plunged, how can such a state be described as one of "few stripes," however differing from that of another soul, by the pangs of bodily pain being less acute, or even (if it be conceivable) the anguish of mind being less intense? One single ray of the light of God's countenance would make hell cease to be hell, as it is commonly understood; for where that light comes, in any form, in any measure, there is love; and where there is love, there must be hope. But never to have the possibility of again beholding our Father's face, that, that would be the horror of all horrors! What would all bodily or mental pains whatever be, compared with the anguish of being shut out for ever and ever from all hope of beholding one ray of that Light? And even bodily or mental pain, however diminished, yet if continued without cessation or relief, for ever and ever, how can this be spoken of as "few stripes"? Is it not plain that, but for a preconceived notion, formed from other passages, which shall be presently considered, such words as these would be understood at once, in their natural sense, to say that there is "beating," indeed, for all, who have "done things worthy of stripes," but in proportion to the measure of the fault of each servant, some receiving more, and some fewer stripes, as the righteous Judge shall order?

3.—Further, when we consider a multitude of cases, it is inconceivable that the hour of death should, under the government of a just and holy Judge, draw the lines sharply between all those who shall be admitted to endless blessedness, and all those who shall be consigned to endless woe. The infinite shades of difference, which discriminate the moral characters of men, can indeed, and will, be taken into account by Him who knows the hearts and lives of all, and can say how far the guilty stain has risen not willingly—from the helplessness of childhood, it may be, or the ignorance of heathenism, from the fault of parents, the carelessness of teachers, the inexperience of youth, the force of temptation, the pressure of circumstances, or wilfully, from the deliberate, determined, purpose of men, "keeping back the truth in unrighteousness." Our God and Father, blessed be his name, can take account of all, and will do so, and judge with righteous judgment accordingly. But where can the line be drawn between the two classes, when the nearest members of the one touch so closely upon those of the other, so that all the one class shall be admitted at once to never-ending bliss, and all of the other class shall be consigned to never-ending, infinite woe? In point of fact, how many thoughtful clergy of the Church of England have deliberately taught, in plain outspoken terms, this doctrine? How many of the more intelligent laity or clergy do really in their heart of hearts believe it?

4.—For is no remedial process, are no "stripes" whatever of any kind needed even for many of those who yet, as we humbly trust, shall be suffered to enter into life, whom at all events it

would be a fearful and horrible thing to suppose consigned to never-ending misery? Are there not many Christians to be met with daily in the common intercourse of life, persons whom, in the main, we must believe to be sincere in their profession, yet whose weak and imperfect characters often betray them into faults, which are unworthy of the name they bear? Do not these seem to need some cleansing process after death, to purify their souls from sin,—not the sin in their nature only, but sin too often allowed and indulged in the life? Are we not, most of us, conscious to ourselves of our own individual need of some such a gracious operation, to purge out from us the remainder of corruption, and fit us for the more immediate presence of our God? Granted that there will be vessels, small and great, in the kingdom of God, and each vessel full of its own sweet joy—children who have died on the mother's breast or who have only practised in the nursery the first simple lessons of love and duty; boys and girls, who have but just begun to feel the power of evil, and to learn to overcome temptation; young men and maidens, who have been called away, just as they were about to enter on the busy work of life, and engage in the conflict; men and women in their prime, who have been withdrawn from the battle, while fighting the good fight, and doing their Master's work, with all their might, with the help He gave them; aged saints, who have "kept the faith" unto the end, and finished "their course" on earth, with ten thousand rich experiences, with deeper knowledge of God's love, and of their own necessities; pastors or philanthropists labouring at home, missionaries abroad; some who wait patiently from day to day upon the sick and dying, others who have cast in their lot for love's sake, with the fallen and the outcast; the soldier, pressing on from field to field, in his path of duty, the sailor, from the sense of duty, making his death-bed in the icy north, the confessor with his stripes, the martyr with his cross. All these with their different stores of divine wisdom, having found their highest life while laying down the lower in the service of their Lord, shall each, as we can readily conceive, enter at once, when they leave this world, upon a state of joy proportioned to that which they have reached here on earth; their life hereafter will be continuous with this, and so grow on when time shall be no longer.

But will not some of these need something, some change or remedial process, to pass upon them, before they can enter freely and fully upon this? One, for instance, shall have been brought to repentance in after life, when many deeds of guilt and shame have been registered against his soul in the awful records of his memory, and many a disfiguring scar has been left upon his spiritual frame. To the last moment of his life, these things will pain and grieve him. He will feel that they may be, as he trusts they are, forgiven; but they are not wholly done away. With memories such as these about him, with scars such as these upon him, he cannot surely be fitted to mix at once, as he is, with the pure and blessed ones; nay, he cannot bear the thought of it himself. In some way or other

there must be a process, be it long or momentary—we know not how or what it will be—by which this will be effected. Having done “things worthy of stripes,” there will be stripes.

We have no difficulty, then, in admitting the idea of a remedial process in the case of *some* after death. But, surely, the most saintly character, when viewed in the light of God’s holiness, will have manifold imperfections, spots and stains, which he himself will rejoice to have purged away, though it may be “by stripes,”—by stripes not given in anger and displeasure, but in tenderest love and wisdom, by him who deal-eth with us as with sons. If there be any from whom the Fatherly chastenings of God in this life have already removed all such remainder of evil, doubtless they may not need any further treatment of this kind, when they are called from their work in this world to enter their eternal home. This may be the case, too, with infants and young children—with such as have not transgressed, either wilfully or ignorantly, the law of their Lord. But can it be true of many adult Christians? There seems to be, in Rev. xiv. 1—4, a reference to such as these, a small and limited number, the “hundred and forty-four thousand,” who had the Father’s name written in their foreheads,” the “virgin souls,” who “follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth,”—who “have been bought from among men, being the first fruits unto God and the Lamb,” the first fruits we may trust of a large and goodly harvest—“in whose mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God.”

But, in the case of the ordinary Christian, of whom we think and speak hopefully, and should tremble indeed, for ourselves, if we could not, yet how many defects and faults of habit and temper will still be hanging about him, which unfit him as he leaves this world for the company in light. It may be, certainly,—though the Scripture says nothing of this—that a sudden change will be made; and, “in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,” such as these shall find every such hindrance to their entering at once upon the fulness of their joy, removed. The “dying thief,” for instance, viewing his case, as it is ordinarily viewed, as one of sudden conversion from a life of gross wickedness—though I see no reason to hold that view myself, it will serve to many as a type of such instances—may have been so purified at once from all defilement, his heart may have been so quickened with the full burst of spiritual life, that when that night he entered “paradise,” he found himself at once, not merely able to rejoice in the delights of that blessed abode, but fully able to do so, without one memory of the past to trouble him, without one trace left behind of his former career of evil, without the least vexing sense of any loss he had experienced, by long continuance in wilful sin without any knowledge even of such loss, without anything to damp, or even moderate, his own proper measure of joy, without the least consciousness that he had not spent his former life in perfect purity, as became a child of God. But surely we cannot believe this, without a direct revelation to assure us of it. At least all the

analogies of this life which we do know, are against such a supposition. They would lead us to believe that we shall assuredly be followed in the next world by some recollections of our doings in this, by some direct consequences of those things, whether good or evil. And as we certainly do lose ground, in the way of life eternal, by the indulgence of any habit of known sin, by any one habit of wilful conscious evil, so the sense of such loss may attend us in another world, not to embitter, but to humble and moderate our joy, to make us thankful that, although our feet may not stand at first so near the everlasting throne as they might have been, but for our own past wilful sin and folly, yet that there is progress and growth in another world as well as in this.

5. For surely, all analogy teaches also to expect this, namely, that there will be *growth* in the world to come as well as in this. Not only will they, that shall shine brightly as the stars of heaven, differ from one another in glory at their first appearing, but the brightness of any one shall change and increase as the ages roll on. We cannot suppose that the hoary-headed Christian of ripe experience, and the untried infant or young child, the faithful servant, that has followed his Lord through all trials and distresses, perchance to a bloody death, and he who until a later hour of life has wasted his Lord’s goods all along in the devil’s service, shall begin at once equally to partake of the joys of the eternal world. If it be said that the servant in the parable, who wrought for one hour only was made equal to others, who had borne the heat and burden of the day, the answer is plain. In the parable, there is no reference to the case of those who had often been called but refused to work. Those called last, when summoned, went at once to their labour with at least as much zeal as the first. They were sitting idle, “because no man had hired them.” And the whole parable is intended to teach us, what Paul will lay down more fully in this very Epistle, that the Lord, the righteous Judge, will “do what he will with his own.” He knows where and how to reward and bless, and where and in what measure to punish.

We can admit then, as in fact most thoughtful Christians do admit, that there will be differences at first in glory among those to whom a joyful entrance shall be given into God’s Kingdom of Heaven; that there also, as on earth, there will be some, who shall enjoy a closer converse with their Lord, and lean as it were upon his breast while others shall “stand and wait” in his blissful presence, though all shall have their share in the rich banquet of his love. Servants who have been entrusted with five talents, or with two, or it may be with some small fraction of a talent, and who shall have been found faithful, shall all together enter into the joy of their Lord. But they that have been faithful with a little in this lower service, shall now be charged with proportionately higher duties, and more glorious offices, in the Kingdom of Light; he that “hath gained ten pounds,” shall “have rule over ten cities,” he that hath gained five, over five.

But as we believe that there will be such

differences of glory at first in the heavenly kingdom, so we cannot doubt that there will be a growth and progress also in glory. We cannot suppose that the spirit of an infant, or young child, will remain always in the undeveloped state in which death found it; nor have we any ground whatever to think that it will, suddenly, and in a moment, expand at once in all its powers, to the full perfection of which it is capable. Scripture does not inform us on the subject; analogy is wholly against such a supposition. In all nature, there is no instance of such a sudden start into fullness of life, of such a break of continuity as this would be. And would it not in fact contradict the very idea of life itself, if there were to be no such growth and progress? Are we not told that, even now, to the principalities and powers in heavenly places, are being made known by the Church, more and more fully as the ages go by, the wonderful wisdom of God? Is it not, moreover, a main ingredient in our joy, when we think of the blessedness of heaven, that it will be *progressive*, that through the ages all along, our knowledge of our Father's glory and wisdom and goodness will ever be deepening, while perchance we shall be employed as ministers of his, to do his pleasure, in other work which he shall find for us in his boundless universe?

THE SCOTCH BAKER IN LONDON.

A **ROTUND**, full-priced baker, who was in the habit of bringing his miserable debtors into the "Westminster Court of Requests," one day stepped into the plaintiff's box with papers and ledger in hand, to make his claim for twenty-five shillings, for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall, young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla, and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either eighteen or twenty-eight; the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early privation or sorrow, prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A Commissioner.—Is the amount disputed?

Young Lady.—Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the amount at once.

Chairman.—How will you pay it?

Young Lady.—I have five shillings to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half-a-crown a week.

Commissioner.—The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

Young Lady.—Appearances are deceptive. It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask for even one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker, (pocketing the money.)—Two and sixpence a week is not enough. To gang about toon with a grand boa, an' a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and a cotton

göon because the likes o' ye will eat an honest mon's bread wi'oot paying for't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun have cost, may be, sax gowden guineas.

"It is true," said the young lady, colouring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less cost I would do so; but upon a respectable exterior, in my part as a teacher of music, depends the subsistence of a sick father and two young sisters. [The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust his papers into his pocket.] As for the boa you allude to, that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the five you have received, and to provide for those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The tippet I have on was lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."

"Well, Mr. Baker," said the Chairman, in a tone of compassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms?"

"Oh, ay!" said the baker, "two and sixpence a month. Pit it down if ye weel."

Chairman.—Two and sixpence a week was offered.

"Make it just what ye like," said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady. As she was leaving the court the baker stopped her:

"Gie me your hand o' that bit o' paper," said the baker. The request was complied with. "Noo," said the baker, thrusting some silver into her hand, "tak' bock your croon piece, and dinna fash yourself ava wi' the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four-pund loaf ilka day at my shop, and ye may pay me just when ye're able, and if I niver get the siller, may be I'll niver miss it; but mind, young leddy," said he angrily "gin ye deal wi' any ither baker, I's pit this order in force agin ye're father."

The young lady looked her gratitude. The baker had vanished.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

"And you must not put on mourning."

"Oh, mother," and Maddie lifted her head with a beseeching glance.

"No, my dear, I forbid it; I would have you think of me in another way than that suggested by gloomy colours. Wear white as often as you please; let that be your mourning garb, or rather let it be an emblem of my happiness and the purity of heaven. Think of me as being arrayed in the shining white of heaven, not as mere dust, senseless and soulless in the tomb. In the midst of music, of flowers, of every innocent enjoyment, keep my memory fresh, for there is music in heaven; immortal gardens bloom there, and its delights it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. In this way, my darling, you can in one sense keep me by you, and say to yourself many times, 'I am not motherless.' As soon as the first heaviness of your grief wears away, you will love to feel that I am resting—that I am basking in the sunshine of God's great love, that I am patiently waiting for you."—*Mrs. Jamieson.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A LOVING CHILD.—A Lady of New Bedford was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy, of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him, "Willie, do you love me?" "Yes, indeed!" he replied, with a clinging kiss. "How much?" "Why, I love you—up to the sky." Just then his eye fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed: "But, Mamma, I love you way up to God."

HANDSOMELY DECLINED.—The late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to "total abstinence," and his side-board and tables were loaded with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him. "Can't do it, Bishop: 'Wine is a mocker.'" "Take a glass of brandy, then." "Can't do it, Bishop: 'Strong drink is raging.'" By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat restive and excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins: "You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you?" "No, Bishop, I can't do that: 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips.'"

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl and her brother were on their way to the grocer's the other morning. The roofs of the houses, and the grass on the common, were white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown. As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion up to her, saying, "Come under my coat, Johnny." "It isn't big enough for both," he replied. "I guess I can stretch it a little," she said, and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest. How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!—*Child's World*.

RELIGIOUS SCOLDING.—We recommend to our religious teachers the following extract as being worthy of their attention, and we hope they will profit thereby. No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management of good manners, and scolds again. A sturdy mastiff will bear, perhaps, to be stroked, though he may growl even under the operation; but if you touch him roughly he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ when he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skilfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and he charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine more in his own eyes by comparisons. One thing is certain, the folly and feuds of professed disciples have been more dangerous to the interests of religion than all the avowed hostilities of its adversaries.

IF THAT FAILS.—An Arminian friend, or a man who has been reared in the Arminian theology, said to me a few weeks ago, "The argument you urge seems very clear. I am not prepared to controvert it. God must, as a Being of infinite wisdom and love, design the virtue and happiness of all, must will the final salvation of all men. I do not well see how any man can deny that. But suppose that fails—what then?" "What fails?" we ventured to ask. "Why, suppose the *will of God* fails—what then?" "I am obliged to admit," I frankly said, "that I cannot answer your inquiry. I do not know what would become of you, or me, or the universe, if God's will should fail. If man can defeat God in one instance, he surely can in two; if at this point, then also at that; and the government of the world, and the destiny of the human race must depend on the will of man entirely, and not at all on the will of God. And pray, sir, can you tell what would happen in the universe if God's will should really fail?" "No, sir; I could not answer my own question any otherwise than you have done." *If God fails—what then?*

GREAT SWELLING WORDS.—"That was a most masterly performance," said Mr. Balloon to his friend Mr. Jones, as they emerged from the church where Rev. Mr. Gassmann had been discoursing on the relation of the Infinite to the Impossible. "Yes—no," replied Mr. Jones; "I suppose it was very fine, but it was out of my depth. I confess to being one of the sheep who 'looked up, and were not fed.'" "That's because you haven't got a metaphysical mind," said Mr. Balloon, regarding his friend with pity; "you've got a certain facility of mind, but I suspect you haven't got the *logical grasp* requisite for the comprehension of such a sermon as that." "I'm afraid I haven't," said Mr. Jones. "I tell you what it is," continued Mr. Balloon, "Mr. Gassmann has got a *head*. He is an intellectual giant. I hardly know whether he is greater as a subjective preacher, or in the luminous objectivity of his *argumentum ad hominem*. As an inductive reasoner, too, he is perfectly great. With what synthetical power he refuted the Homoiousian theory! I tell you Homoiousianism will be nowhere, after this." "To tell the truth," said Mr. Jones, "I went to sleep at that long word, and didn't wake up till he was on Theodicy." "Ah! yes," said Mr. Balloon, "that was a splendid specimen of ratiocinative word-painting. I was completely carried away, when, in his singularly terse and narrow style, he took an analogical view of the anthropological"—but at this point Mr. Balloon "soared aloft" so high, that he left the more terrestrial Mr. Jones.—*Examiner*.

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